



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ARTICLE VII.

SKETCHES OF WAR.

I. MORALS OF SOLDIERS.

"You would not be surprised," says a correspondent of the Charleston Observer in Florida, under date of March 22, "that the Lord has scourged our territory, if you could behold the awful boldness and universal dominion of sin—how wickedness doth indeed bear herself aloft in high places. You would not wonder that our armies have been so inefficient and often defeated, if you could see the materials of which they are constituted; if you could witness the drunkenness and debauchery from the general to the private, and hear them strive to outvie each other in uttering the most horrid imprecations and blasphemy, and ridiculing every thing like religion."

In 1380, an expedition was fitted out to aid in the wars of Bretagne. The English troops lay for some time near Portsmouth, wind-bound, and waiting for provisions. They ill-treated the country around, forcibly carrying off men's wives and daughters. Among other outrages, Sir John Arundell, the commander, went to a nunnery, and desired that his troops might be allowed to visit them! This being refused, they entered by violence, and on their departure compelled the nuns to go with them. A storm came on, when those unhappy females were thrown into the sea by the very persons who had *forced* them to embark! The greater part of the fleet was lost on the coast of Ireland; the leader with a thousand of his men perished. Froissart relates, that the French troops, prepared for the invasion of England, were equally profligate in their conduct.

Yet such are the men called heroes; the men whom patriotic orators eulogize as the guardians and glory of a nation; the men whom even *Christian* communities heedlessly regard as having gone through pollution and blood to the realms of celestial purity and love; the men to whom civilized, Christian women present banners, compliments and caresses!

2. THE WAR SPIRIT.

Spirit of private warriors.—The duel fought more than a year ago between Key and Sherburne, midshipmen in the United States navy, originated in a dispute about the relative speed of two steamboats! Warm words ensued; the lie direct was bandied; Key challenged his companion; and at length the parties, both under twenty years of age, met about two miles from the capitol in Washington with such haste that they omitted to procure surgeons. Key fell; Sherburne advanced to offer the dying victim his hand; but it was indignantly rejected, with the exclamation, "Leave me, leave me; for, though dying, I scorn and detest you."

Similar was the spirit of the contest between Francis and Raleigh Osbaldistone. "Torment me not," said the wounded man; "I know no assistance can avail me. I am a dying man." He raised himself in his chair, although the damps and form of death were already on his brow, and he spoke with a fierceness which seemed

beyond his strength. "Cousin Francis," he said, "draw near me." I approached him as he requested. "I wish you only to know, that the pangs of death do not alter one iota of my feelings towards you. I hate you!" he said,—the expression of rage throwing a horrid glare over his countenance,—“I hate you with a hatred as intense now, whilst I lie bleeding before you, as if my foot trod on your neck.”

* * * * * In a moment after he had uttered this frightful wish, he fell back into the chair; his eyes became glazed, his limbs stiffened; but the grin and glare of mortal hatred survived even the last gasp of life! Unfortunate, reckless young man! He left a mother's fond embrace and a sister's soft kiss, at two o'clock; at nine, his lifeless and bloody corpse was conveyed to the family mansion, to tell that he fell a victim at the shrine of false honor!

Two men, Naylor and Brounaugh, recently got into a quarrel in New Orleans, and posted each other as "swindlers, liars and scoundrels." At length, they accidentally met in a bar-room; and, after some angry words, they both drew pistols, and fired at the distance of only three or four paces apart. Two balls entered the side of the chest of Naylor, one of which passed through his heart; he fell and expired in a few minutes afterwards. Brounaugh received Naylor's ball in his groin; and while in the act of falling, he received another ball from a third pistol, fired by a friend of Naylor's, which passed through Brounaugh's body, who fainted and fell, and was thought to be dead. Naylor only spoke one or two words after he fell. Some one exclaimed, as Brounaugh fell, '*he is dead.*' 'Who is dead?' faltered Naylor. 'Brounaugh,' replied a spectator. '*Huzza! huzza!*' feebly articulated Naylor, who expired in ten minutes afterwards.

Spirit of self-defence characteristic of the old man rather than the new.—In one of our seaports, a gentleman not long ago gave a peace tract to a minister of gigantic stature, whose frame would have furnished an excellent model for a statuary carving an image of Hercules. He appeared glad of the tract, and said he had always been a friend of peace, and came sometimes near being mobbed for his anti-war principles. He said he had once held a long argument with an aged minister on the subject of self-defence. His opponent asked a question, which is frequently repeated, and which seems to be the very citadel to which the defenders of the lawfulness of defensive war generally retreat, when hard pressed by scripture argument. The question was, "Suppose I should meet you, spit in your face, or smite you on the cheek; what would you do?" "Why, if the Lord Jesus Christ reigned in my heart, you would be in no danger; but if the *old man* should get the upper hand, and M—k F—d should be there instead of Jesus Christ, the Lord have mercy on you. I should advise you, sir, not to try." This *argumentum ad hominem* settled the question at once.

Spirit of war in contrast with that of the gospel.—A few Cherokees who had been converted to Christianity, formed themselves into a society for the propagation of that gospel which was now so dear to them. The sum collected the first year was about ten dollars; and the question was, to what particular object it should be devoted. At length, a poor woman proposed that it should be given to promote the circulation of the gospel among the Osages; "for the Bible," said she, "bids us do good to our enemies; and I believe the Osages are the greatest enemies the Cherokees have."

Nearly all American Christians have read the story of the little Osage captive. As Dr. Cornelius was riding through the wilderness of the west, he met a party of Indian warriors just returning from one of their excursions of fire and blood. One of these warriors of fierce and fiend-like aspect, led a child of five years of age, whom they had taken captive. "Where are the parents of this child?" said Dr. Cornelius. "Here they are," replied the savage warrior, as with one hand he exhibited the bloody scalps of a man and a woman, and with the other brandished his tomahawk in all the exultation of gratified revenge.

That same warrior is now a disciple of Jesus Christ, a humble man of piety and prayer. His tomahawk is laid aside; and it never again will be crimsoned with the blood of his fellow-men. His wife is a member of the same church with himself; and their united prayer ascends, morning and evening, from the family altar. Their daughters are the amiable, humble and devoted followers of the blessed Redeemer, training up under the influence of a father's and a mother's prayers, for the society of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim.

"Do you remember," said an Indian convert to a missionary, "that a few years ago, a party of warriors came to the vicinity of the tribe to whom you preach, and, pretending friendship, invited the chief of the tribe to hold a talk with them?" "Yes," replied the missionary, "I remember it very well." "Do you remember, that the chief, fearing treachery, instead of going himself, sent one of his warriors to hold the talk?" "Yes." "And do you remember," proceeded the Indian, "that the warrior never returned, but was murdered by those who, with promises of friendship, had led him into their snare?" "I remember it all very well." "Well," the Indian continued weeping with emotion, "I was one of that band of warriors. As soon as our victim was in the midst of us, we fell upon him with our tomahawks, and cut him to pieces." This man is now one of the most influential members of the Christian church, and reflects with horror upon those scenes in which he formerly exulted. He is now giving his influence and his prayers, that there may be glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will among men.

3. HORRORS OF WAR.

Singular sufferer.—A memoir was read at a recent session of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, detailing some curious facts in the life of a man who was twice buried alive. M. Morel was a lieutenant in the army of Egypt, and at the memorable battle of St. Jean d'Acre, he had both his thighs broken by a grape shot. When he had nearly recovered from the effects of this wound, he was attacked with the plague, and conveyed to the hospital, where he grew worse rapidly, lost all sensation, was pronounced dead, and with a number of corpses of those, who had died of the same disease, he was thrown into a ditch. Soon after, one of the soldiers on guard in that vicinity, was much astonished at seeing one of the dead men standing bolt upright! He hastened to his assistance, and Morel was again conveyed to the hospital. In a few days after, he was again attacked with a fit of lethargy, and believed to be dead. This time he was wrapped in a linen cloth, and buried in the sand. In the night, a high wind arose, which displaced the sand that covered his body, and caused the unfortunate man to awake. He tore off his winding sheet,

and crept toward the hospital, where he remained a long time before he recovered his general health ; but he did not recover the faculties of speech or hearing until several years after he entered the Hospital of Invalids at Avignon. He is now sixty-seven years old, and has the aspect of a decrepid old woman, being hardly able to walk.

Monument of human bones.—The celebrated De Lamartine, on his return from a visit to the Holy Land in 1833, whilst approaching Servia, the last town on the Turkish frontier, says, “I saw a tower rising in the midst of the plain, as white as Parian marble. I sat under its shade to enjoy a few moments’ repose. No sooner was I seated, than raising my eyes to the monument, I discovered that these walls, which I supposed to be built of marble, or white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls, bleached by the rain and sun, and cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which sheltered me from the heat of the sun. A number of Turkish horsemen, who had come from Nesse to escort us into town, informed me, that the skulls were of those fifteen thousand Servians, who had been put to death by the Pacha in the last insurrection of Servia.”

Shooting a deserter.—“Shortly we reached the ground, where,” says Campbell, writing from Algiers, “the French deserter’s fate was to be enacted. We took our stand on the top of the lime-rocks, whilst the troops, one thousand in number, formed three-fourths of a square on the plain beneath. At last, from the prison-gate came forth a company, their drums muffled with crape, and the victim in the centre on foot, followed by the horse and cart that were to carry back his dead body. He was quite unchained, and had no priest with him. At first they beat a slow march ; but we saw him wave his hand to the drummers, and understood that it was a signal for them to beat quick time, which they did, whilst I dare say more hearts than my own, quickened their pulsation. When they halted on the fatal spot, the commanding officer pulled out a paper, the sentence of death, and read it with a loud and stern voice. Every syllable that he uttered was audible, though we stood at a considerable distance.

Meanwhile the sufferer took his station with his back to the lime-stone, and with twelve musketeers, who were to be his executioners, in front of him. His air was free and resolute, and his step was manly, as I remarked it to have been all the way down from the prison. He threw away the cigar he had been smoking, and I could see its red end fading into blackness, like a foregoing symbol of his life’s extinction. He then made his last speech, with a voice that was certainly not so audible as that of his sentence had been ; but, considering his situation, it was very firm, and its plaintiveness was more piercingly and terribly touching than I ever heard from human lips.

“Comrades, what my sentence of death has told you is all true, except that it has unjustly called me the chief conspirator in this late desertion. For I seduced nobody into it ; on the contrary, I was persuaded into it by others. The motive of my crime was merely an intense desire to see my father’s family in Italy ; and now my heart’s blood is to be shed, and my brains are to be scattered on the ground, because my heart yearned for a sight of my brothers and sisters ! Soldiers who are to shoot me, do your duty quickly, and do not keep me in torment.”

He then stepped forward some paces, near his executioners, and with steady hands and an erect air bound a yellow silk handkerchief round his eyes. Eleven musket shots immediately laid him down low, though he jumped up, before he fell, when the balls pierced him; the twelfth soldier going up to him as he lay on the ground, fired close into his head. You will not wonder that my tears at this crisis blinded me; and when I denied them, I could not see the victim. I said to Lagondie, 'Where is he?' 'Look there,' he answered, pointing with his finger; 'don't you see a red stripe on the ground?' And sure enough I saw it; his red pantaloons made one part of the stripe, and his bleeding head and body, the other. All the troops then defiled around him. We came down to the spot; but before we reached it, the body had been removed in a cart, and nothing remained but some blood and brains, and a portion of his skull. I returned to my lodgings scarcely able to persuade myself that I had seen a reality. Oh, God! that man, who cannot put life into a fly, can have any excuse for taking it from a fellow-creature!"

Two scenes after battle.—"We could not," says an eye-witness, sketching the retreat to Deventer, in the campaign of 1794—95, "proceed a hundred yards without perceiving the dead bodies of men, women, children, and horses, in every direction. One scene made an impression upon my memory, which time will never be able to efface. Near another cart we perceived a stout-looking man, and a beautiful young woman, with an infant, about seven months old, at the breast, all three frozen and dead. The mother had most certainly expired in the act of suckling her child; as with one breast exposed she lay upon the drifted snow, the milk, to all appearance, in a stream drawn from the nipple by the babe, and instantly congealed. The infant seemed as if its lips had but just then been disengaged, and it reposed its little head upon the mother's bosom, with an overflow of milk, frozen as it trickled from the mouth. Their countenances were perfectly composed and fresh, resembling those of persons in a sound and tranquil slumber."

The following description of a field of battle is in the words of one who passed over the field of Jemappe, after Doumourier's victory: "It was on the third day after the victory obtained by General Doumourier over the Austrians, that I rode across the field of battle. The scene lies on a waste common, rendered then more dreary, by the desertion of the miserable hovels before occupied by peasants. Every thing that resembled a human habitation, was desolated; and for the most part they had been burnt or pulled down, to prevent their affording shelter to the posts of the contending armies. The ground was ploughed up by the wheels of the artillery and wagons; every thing like herbage was trodden into mire; broken carriages, arms, accoutrements, dead horses, and men, were strewed over the heath. *This was the third day after the battle; it was the beginning of November, and for three days a bleak wind and heavy rain had continued incessantly.* There were still remaining alive several hundreds of horses, and of the human victims of that dreadful fight. I can speak with certainty of having seen more than four hundred men *still living*, unsheltered, *without food*, and without any human assistance, most of them confined to the spot where they had fallen, *by broken limbs*. The two armies had proceeded, and abandoned these miserable wretches to their fate. *Some of the dead persons appeared to have expired in the*

act of embracing each other. Two French officers, who were brothers, had crawled under the side of a dead horse, where they had contrived a kind of shelter by means of a cloak; they were both mortally wounded, and groaning *for each other.* One very fine young man had just strength enough to drag himself out of a hollow partly filled with water, and was laid upon a little hillock, groaning with agony; *a grape-shot had cut across the upper part of his belly, and he was keeping in his bowels with a handkerchief and hat.* He begged of me to end his misery! He complained of dreadful thirst. I filled him the hat of a dead soldier with water, which he nearly drank off at once, and left him to that end of his wretchedness which could not be far distant."

4. ITEMS OF WAR EXPENSES.

The act of Congress making appropriations for the support of our army during 1836, has the following provisions:

Pay of the army,.....	\$988,317	Arrearages prior to July, 1815,.....	3,000
Subsistence of officers,.....	315,118	Abandonment of Fort Gibson,.....	50,000
Forage of officers' horses,.....	60,139	Barracks, &c., at Key West,.....	10,000
Clothing of officers' servants,.....	24,930	Extra hospital funds,.....	100,000
Payments in lieu of clothing,.....	30,000	Armories,.....	332,000
Subsistence exclusive of officers, ...	495,400	Armaments of fortifications,.....	200,000
Clothing and general support of army, ..	202,982	Ordnance service, ..	75,670
Medical and hospital department,...	31,500	Purchase of gunpowder,.....	100,000
Quartermasters' department,.....	332,000	Arsenal ordnance stores,.....	188,575
Officers' travelling expenses,.....	50,000	Cannon balls,.....	29,488
General transportation service,.....	148,000	Completing medal to Gen. Ripley,..	3,000
Contingences,.....	3,000		
Reënlistment, extra pay,.....	10,564		\$3,780,983

The sum total of appropriations for war purposes by the same Congress, was nearly *thirty millions of dollars*; and the petty war with a handful of Indians in Florida, occasioned by our own flagrant abuse of them, has already cost us not less than \$15,000,000.

A Parisian journal, after stating that the reign of Napoleon lasted nearly ten years, from May, 1804, to April, 1814, subjoins the following list of decrees for the levy of men:

1st. 24th September, 1805,.....	80,000
2d. 7th April, 1807,.....	80,000
3d and 5th. 21st January, 10th September, 1808,.....	240,000
6th and 7th. 18th April, 5th October, 1809,.....	76,000
9th and 10th. 13th December, 1810,.....	160,000
11th. 23th December, 1811,.....	120,000
12th and 13th. 13th March, 1st September, 1812,.....	237,000
14th and 19th. 16th Jan. 3d April, 24th Aug. 9th Oct. 11th Nov. 1813, ..	1,040,000
Total,.....	2,033,000 men,

exclusive of voluntary enlistments, departmental guards, the 17,000 equipped horsemen, offered in January, 1813, the levies in mass, organized in 1814, amounting to 143,000 men. The number of soldiers enrolled between the 24th September, 1805, at which period our army was already formidable, and 1814, may be estimated at 3,000,000 men. In 1814, the effective force of our troops, employed in active service, retreated or prisoners of war, amounted to 802,600 individuals. If we deduct that number from the 3,000,000, we shall find that 2,197,400 men fell victims to war during those nine years, or 244,155 per annum.

On the 12th of July, 1814, a document was published, recapitulating the losses of war *materiel* sustained in 1812, 1813, and 1814, and consisting of the following objects: 210 pieces of artillery of all sizes, 1,200,000 projectiles of all kinds, 600,000 muskets and other

arms, 12,000 artillery wagons, and 70,000 horses. These objects are valued at 250,000,000 francs. This, however, is not all. During a space of thirteen years, from 1801 to 1813, the increase of the national debt leaves, according to the official return, a deficit of 1,645,469,000 francs.

Behold the consequences of ten years' war, of which Waterloo was the finale. Three millions of soldiers, 2,000,000,000 of debt, the agriculture, manufactures, and trade of France sacrificed to a false point of honor, more military than national; has all that, we ask, rendered France more glorious and powerful? Who will dare reply in the affirmative, in presence of the treaties of 1815? Taught by a fatal experience, we must not suffer ourselves to be led astray by empty words. The honor of a nation rests in the power it possesses and exercises. The power of governments now resides less in the force of their armies than in the organization of their credit, and the extent of their commerce.

What a picture of horror does the following paragraph from the London Times present! What blood spilt! What money expended to enable man to butcher his fellow-man! "Since the year 1000 there have been 24 different wars between England and France, 12 between England and Scotland, 8 between England and Spain, and 7 with other countries,—in all 51 wars! There have been six wars within 100 years, viz.: 1st war, ending 1697, cost 21,500,000*l.* 100,000 slain, 80,000 died of famine.—2d war, began 1702, cost 43,000,000*l.* Slain not ascertained.—3d war, began 1739, cost 48,000,000*l.* Slain not ascertained.—4th war, began 1756, cost 111,000,000*l.* Slain 250,000.—5th, American war, began 1775, cost 139,000,000*l.* Slain 200,000.—6th, last war, began 1793, cost 750,000,000*l.* Slain 2,000,000 amongst all the belligerents. At the conclusion of the war which ended in 1697, the national debt was 21,500,000*l.*; but in 1815, it amounted to no less than 1,050,000,000*l.* OR NEARLY FIVE THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS."

ARTICLE VIII.

LITERARY NOTICES.

1. *Defensive War. A Letter to WILLIAM LADD, Esq., President of the American Peace Society.* By WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D., *President of Bowdoin College.*

Dr. Allen assigns the following reasons for dissenting from the principle, that *all* war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, and for believing *defensive* war to be in harmony with it: 1. The former principle "will prove an insuperable obstacle to any great results from our society;" because "the statesmen who govern the world, must look upon it as a dream of weak benevolence!" "Have any of the rulers believed on him?"—2. "It is not supported by the voice of the church in any age." Not since her first degeneracy; but it was *before*, as we believe, and shall endeavor in due time to prove.—